

The Heart of Being

Ariel Buchanan



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THE HEART OF BEING

Uriel Buchanan

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The Heart of Being

OR

Truth and Destiny

By

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etc., etc.



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I.

THE PRIMARY PROCESS OF WORLD-BUILDING



HERE are no living witnesses to the marvelous scenes which belong to the primary processes of world building, for in the earlier stages of the planet's formation no individualized self-conscious life could exist. But man may read the story of the earth's unfoldment from the hieroglyphs of nature—from the mountain cliffs and the broad plains, from the deep valleys, the sand-swept deserts, the majestic rivers and the billowy seas. From the milestones along the mysterious way, aided by the illumined vision of science, man may look back through centuries

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upon centuries that had passed away before the period of human existence upon this planet began—back to the time when the moving force of universal life first projected itself into crystallized form in the bosom of the earth as a mineral. He may follow the continuous and progressive gradations of life through its manifestation in the protoplasmic slime in ancient seas—ever onward through the ages of evolution, from the tiniest finny beings to the monstrous creatures that finally emerged from the bed of the Silurian ocean and crawled over vast bogs and roamed through primeval forests. By the destructive agencies the huge clumsy forms were broken into pieces again and again, and cast into the crucible of nature to be remoulded each time into symmetrical and fairer shapes.

Thus all forms have been slowly evolved from the gross to the delicate, from the simple to the complex, from

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mammoth to man. The force imprisoned in the chrysolite obeys the impulse of progressive change. In its demand for onward march the mineral form is broken, and life repictures itself into shape after shape more and more wonderful in structure. The strength and power that first bound the atoms in the solid rock, now paints the flower with tints of wondrous beauty, grows in the foliage, lives in the trembling leaves, opens broadly in the sunlight and is kissed by the wooing breeze. Slowly the grasp of matter relaxes its hold, and life is evolved from the plant and the tree to the plane of animal existence, where conscious power is first made manifest through instinct and love. The cruder forces of animal strength begin to respond to the influence of mind, until the dumb creatures of the higher order of the animal kingdom approach the threshold of that domain that belongs to the dignity and glory of man.

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The primitive races of mankind dwelt in caves, in rude huts and beneath twisted boughs. Tribes were separated by unexplored regions. Man wandered at will through unclaimed forests. Continents were divided by mysterious and unsailed seas. But the movement of the palpable life stream has flooded the world, and carried forward on its slow-moving tide the people of every continent.

Those who have explored the ancient ruins which survive in many lands, find the symbols of the same mystery graven upon the walls. Identical symbols were used by tribes on opposite parts of the globe, even in that far-off time when the world was young and the race was simple and untaught—long before cables of steel had united the continents and long before ships had navigated the seas. One of the earliest emblems used to express the invisible forces of nature and the perpetual life of the human race was that of the ser-

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pent. While the symbol of the serpent has an important place in the magical lore of Egypt, and in the sacerdotal mysteries of all Oriental lands, it was also used as a sacred emblem by the primitive races of America, and is a prominent figure among the surviving works of the mound builders. Hence we see that the races of mankind, even in the long ago, were united by the invisible currents of thought which flowed from one source and impelled humanity upward toward the manifestation of an exalted destiny. And from century to century we see a gradual unfoldment of the human race, which has never been left entirely guideless in the dark or unled by the eternal light, but has evolved from stage to stage along the ascending spiral of destiny, manifesting in greater fullness the power and supremacy of mind.

Thus life, with all the mysteries that enshroud it, with all the pain and joy that

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accompany it, has flowed on in an ever-widening stream, coursing through the veins of the rude and uncultured, whose thoughts are only of the visible things surrounding daily life—on, ever on—awakening at times to a vague consciousness, then receding to the realm of the unmanifest, to come again with renewed forces, pulsating now to the heart-throbs of genius; and thus will it continue to flow, until it has scintillated through every influence that the stream of progression claims. Life is an eternal unfoldment, and love of life is an unerring instinct whose aspirations are the wooings of the Infinite.

II.

MAN'S PROGRESS

Man has toiled tirelessly in his search for knowledge; and by his power and genius he has transformed the face of nature into symmetry and beauty. He has felled the forests and reared in their place cities and empires; he has spanned the rivers, crossed the continents with railways, and conquered the adverse waves of the sea, over which he rides swiftly and fearlessly by the magic power of resistless steam. He has cunningly enslaved the elements of the world and subjected even the wind and the lightning to his command. The telegraphs and cables have annihilated space and time, and brought the people of every land into closer and more vital relation with each other. He has taken dull clay and shaped it into a beauteous vase;

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a block of marble, and chiseled it into a perfect image of the ideal form; a string and piece of wood, and made a sweet-voiced violin. At his command waste places have blossomed into gardens of luxuriance. Fire and air, electricity and light, have been subdued to his useful service. The printing press has made us acquainted with the noble thoughts and deeds of the great men of every age—with the heroes, who have spent their lives for others; the poets and orators, who have charmed the world with eloquence and song; the painters and sculptors, who have created immortal forms with brush and chisel; the composers, who have interpreted the melody of sound; and the philosophers, who have searched the depths of being and learned the secrets of the stars. These marvelous achievements, and many more, have been recorded, and such things will enlighten and encourage the generations yet to be.

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Reason, at first rude and untaught, has become radiant with knowledge and crowned with jeweled thoughts as beautiful and vast as the sky of stars. Affection, once narrow and selfish, has grown to a love and sympathy that is broad and true. Man's marvelous skill in the fine arts, his wondrous handicrafts, his magic power and mastery in every department of nature, together with his trained reason and the maturity of his heart and conscience, rightly place him on a height far upon the road of attainment. But his triumph is incomplete. There are still heights unscaled and depths unfathomed.

III.

THE MANIFESTATION OF LOVE

The first quarter of the twentieth century is to be a period of wonderful growth and advancement along every conceivable line of thought and action. Science will revolutionize the world of commerce by the wonderful discoveries that are now being made. The ethical and social aspects of life will be materially changed; while the creeds of orthodoxy will be supplanted by the simple religion of love. The spirit of love will dethrone the demon of hate, and upon the altar of the sanctuary within the heart of humanity will be kindled the sacred flame of truth. During the transition period from the old to the new, a battle will be waged in the realm of thought more serious than the crossing of swords—more fearful and con-

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fusing than the din of bursting shell. But the wheel of progress can no more be checked by any man or set of men than can the world be made to pause in its unending journey through the measureless depths of space. If man would keep at the head in the great procession of life, it is essential that he understand the basic principles by which humanity is to be governed and universal harmony maintained. No one can stand aside while the wave of progressive life encircles the globe. Each one must either rise with the tidal wave of deeper life and pass to nobler spheres of usefulness, or be carried by the receding tide to the waters of oblivion.

Bound by the duties that progression claims, it is man's work to remove the yoke of bondage from the neck of his fellow-man; to free from the dark and dreary dungeon of ignorance the imprisoned, the despised, and greet them

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with a ray of light, with a word of cheer ; to break the forged chains of superstition, place man's feet on the highway of truth, and bid him walk with head erect and free.

One of the most potent principles operating to purify and elevate the world of humanity is the influence of love. It is love that lightens the burdens of life, love that animates to ceaseless toil, love that moves the patriot in his country's cause. It is love that makes existence sweet, love that builds the nation's homes and fills the world with all the comforts and luxuries of life. It is the influence of love that refines and elevates the heart and makes sacred the circle of a happy home. Love is as natural as the heart-beat, universal as the law of gravitation, sweet as the perfume of the rose, and beautiful as the dawn. Love is the flame that lights the eyes with an unfading lustre and paints the cheeks with a magnetic glow. The

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spirit of love that throbs in every heart enables man to see some ray of light in regions of deepest darkness, some spark of intelligence in the mind of the most ignorant, some gleam of hope in the bosom of the most depraved. The man who is dominated by the spirit of love is like the magnet to fragments of steel; his thoughts are deep and pure; his words are like the music of a stream.

We look up into the heavens at night and behold the countless worlds moving with magical equilibrium through boundless space, held in their appointed places by the law of attraction, which is another name for love. We look about us and see in all nature a manifestation of the silent and ceaseless power of love, expressing itself in every blade of grass, giving symmetry and beauty to every tree and plant and flower.

In all animate creation below the race of human beings there is the guiding

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presence of an instinct whose monitions are unerringly followed by the untaught creatures of earth. We see a manifestation of this presence in the active life of the bee as it gathers honey from the flowers in distant fields, and returns in a straight course to its native hive. We see this presence manifested in the migratory instinct of the birds as they come and go with the changing seasons of the year. The carrier pigeon, when freed from captivity, rises and circles in the air above and takes an undeviating flight to its native home. Then man, the highest manifestation of existence; man to whom was given the command over all things; man, who has conquered the earth, the sea and air, who has enchained the lightnings, who converses with the stars, and traces comets as they illumine the trackless spaces of the universe and pass on to sparkle in the silent depths, surely his existence is not purposeless in this uni-

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verse of law; surely he is not left to wander aimlessly and alone over the earth, with no exalted purpose and hope to guide him! The fixed star of truth is the eternal guide of man's existence, and its rays beckon from afar. Its light flashes from the illumined spaces toward which humanity moves, and it sheds refulgent rays upon all created things. It is the star of truth and life, the beckoning star of wisdom and love, set in the firmament of the Invisible Ideal where, like a jewel, it shall adorn the brow of a regenerated humanity.

IV.

SEEKING THE INVISIBLE PRESENCE

All that is best in the good that is now being done, as well as the deepest knowledge that has yet been vouchsafed to us, is the result of forces that have been struggling for expression in the life of humanity since the birth of man. Slowly and painfully have we been wresting from Nature the secrets she has long hidden from us, and our progression has been fraught with mistakes and with suffering. The darkness that hangs over the past still casts its shadow over the world to-day. But the mysteries that have been fathomed by science, and the knowledge acquired by those on the heights, shed an increasing light far down into the valley; and all who will open their eyes to the living realities round about them may

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read the signs of the time and feel the thrill of a quickening power. Deep down in regions unlit by the light of the dawn, a few still grope in the darkness and cling to the phantoms of vanished days. But the radiance grows greater with the march of the years, and heeds not the murmur of dissenting voices down there in the shadows. Invisible forces of Nature are blending with forces in the mind of man, and the light on life's horizon grows brighter and purer, and shines with a mightier radiance into the heart and life of progressive humanity. Within reach of those in the deep valley below, as well as of one who has approached nearer the summit of the highest ideal—within reach of all, is the knowledge of truth and the attainment of freedom which wisdom gives. Ours is the choice—whether the monitions of wisdom and truth shall guide our wandering footsteps to the threshold of freedom and power, or that we shall re-

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main deaf and blind to the whirl of the white wings of the dove of peace that flies over the pathway of our destiny.

The inward life, in its most permanent form, is built up in the consciousness of the man who has suffered himself to become beautiful and pure. This inner sanctuary may be entered by the lowliest of men, while it often may happen that one of vast knowledge who seeks the invisible presence shall fail to discover the way that leads to the threshold of happiness. The intellect alone cannot lift the veil that enwraps the inmost consciousness of man, cannot survey the sacred recesses where life abides in the majesty of peaceful repose; but one who grows nobler in an ever loftier consciousness and purer love, one who is gentle and good, shall receive the light that will illumine the mind, reveal the way to the mysterious sources of vision, and open the heart to the influx of profoundest joy.

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Who has not heard in the deeps of his being the whisper of loftiest instincts, and felt the influence of a resistless power surge up from the mysterious gulf within? They who have dwelt in the silence, they who have dived down to explore the undercurrents of destiny, have brought a few secret jewels from the treasure of truth to the surface. But they who have gone down deepest have touched only the shoals of the hidden life, and they alone know how unfathomable is the sea of infinity on which humanity reposes.

There are those who have drawn themselves away from the life movement of the race, and plunged into the abyss of abstraction with an eagerness to gain for themselves the riches that lie hidden there, and to wrap themselves in the robe of proud intellectualism, without respect to the burden of sorrow that enthralls mankind. But the possession of true knowledge draws man nearer to man, and

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identifies those who think with those who toil. It becomes the office of the truly wise to consecrate their gifts to the useful service of all, and to infuse the light of their wisdom into the minds of the unawakened. In imagination alone does the gulf exist between the saint and the sinner; for there is an invisible goodness in the heart of the most depraved, and a faint glimmering of wisdom even in the mind of a fool. The man of true power is he who invokes the living streams of life, which descend from the hills of universal nature, and compels them to flow through the barren plains and waste places of earth, as well as through peaceful and fertile valleys where golden harvests wave. Let us not dam up the currents of energy that inflow to us, for in the great reservoir of nature is the essence of all power; and while reaching up with one hand to receive the gifts that are bountifully bestowed, let us ever ex-

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tend the other to those in the darkness, that they, too, may become conscious of the deeper realities, and receive a foregleam of the higher destiny that awaits them. If we close up the avenues of our mind through which flow the magnetic streams from the mysterious deeps, the waters of life will become stagnant within us. If our life be truly in touch with the omnipotent supply, there need be no fear of exhausting our forces by giving to others; the streams that branch out from the clear fountain of wisdom will ever enlarge as they flow; the currents will grow deeper and broader as they blend with other streams from the same sources of life, finally forming the wide and deep rivers which carry the burden of many a frail bark, whose white sails would never have been unfurled to the breeze and the heavens but for the brooklets that flow from perennial sources back there in the mountains.

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The mystical river of life flows on, renewed eternally by crystal streams from the fountain of truth. It flows through the dark canyons where the sun never gleams on its waters, as it flows by the great cities where all is activity and glory; it flows through vast deserts where no echo responds to its murmur, as it flows through broad valleys and green pastures where all is gladness and peace; it streams on forever, in search of the sea of universal humanity.

V.

THE WORDLESS VOICE

There is a voice within which makes itself heard above the heated centers of commercial life, above the din and noise of the clashing streets. It is the wordless voice which whispers from the innermost depths of the heart's sanctuary; it is that all-pervading interior light which has lighted man's way through the passing centuries. To one who listens, it will make of life a song; to one who accepts this light as guide, his career will be a symphony. It is a faculty of perception in the mind which gives one a knowledge not taught by the academies, reveals truths unknown to scholastic systems, gives culture without the college, and endows the mind with wisdom and power. This si-

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lent voice, this inexpressible light, is the highest heritage of humanity. Those who persistently ignore it and refuse to cultivate it, grow tired of the years, grow tired of the world, grow old and die. Those who cherish the light and follow its monitions are continually renewed from the invisible sources and are given strength to go on with their work and their life, and to pass from victory to victory. Regarded faithfully, it reveals the secret of life and indicates destiny's crown. It continually whispers in subdued tones, "this is the way, come up higher." It is the one infallible oracle and trustworthy guide to ways of righteousness and peace. Let no false teaching, however enticing, no authority, however gilded, blind you to the interior light and take from you its leadings. What the world needs is to have this light increased; to inculcate the ideal, to manifest the harmonies of a nobler and truer existence.

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Call it what you will—intuition, intellect, the soul; conscience, wisdom, or the dictates of reason—words fail to describe its qualities; no language can define its attributes. It is nevertheless a presence that is felt by all at times, and is never absent from the heart where hope dwells. Where pure life glows, where reason's torch burns brightest, where truth has its home, and love its shrine, there the invisible presence abides; and no harm will come to those who walk in the shadow of its radiance; no fatality can lurk in their hearts, no misfortune attend their destiny; for the rays of this light will penetrate and purify the mind and heart, and its hidden fire will consume all dross.

It is not that this presence is ever withdrawn, that men wander from the center of rest and peace, from the threshold of happiness and power, to grope in the outer darkness where the storms and tempests rage. For this light to man is

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like the presence of the visible sun to the material world. The heat through the summer days is more intense, though the earth in reality is farther away from its source and its sustenance than it is through the coldest days of the winter. It is not the vast distance, or nearness, but the nature of the aspect, which determines the degree of the light and the warmth the earth receives from the sun. The more direct the rays, the more intense will the heat be. Likewise it is man's aspect and relation to the interior light which determines the nature of his life and his destiny. The light is there; it shines on eternally; it is man who vacillates—not the light—sometimes in close affinity with the positive pole of goodness and truth, again vibrating to the opposite pole of negation and darkness.

Let us invoke the light and bask in the direct rays of its presence. And like the needle to the pole, if the storms of afflic-

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tion and the tumult of the senses cause the desires and the will to swerve from this center of truth and goodness, of love and light, let us swing back again, after the clouds have vanished, and guide the frail bark of our life safely to the haven of its rest and its gladness.

VI.

THE CREATIVE IMPULSE

In the long ago, when the earth was young, the creative impulse, charged with one purpose and will, and longing to manifest the slumbering energies in the harmony and beauty of diversified forms, crystallized into a tiny germ. Working in silence, it slowly attracted the invisible forces from the dark surroundings of its lodging place in the barren ground. The hot sun poured down its fierce rays and warmed the earth's surface day after day, until the innate life of the invisible germ unclosed the shell of its limitation and projected itself above the inert materials of its anchorage, winning for itself a place in the light and the wooing breeze. In the peace of the dawn the tiny structure was kissed by a dewdrop, which awoke

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within it the first gleam of consciousness. Its desire became greater than ever before to reach up and attain. A ray of sunlight came down a golden pathway from the vaulted skies, played gently around it, and found lodgment in its yearning heart. It had received no token of its purpose; but the plant was grateful for the dewdrop and the sunbeam which brought the happiness and joy it craved. The vernal zephyrs made its tender leaflets tremble as they gently caressed it, but breathed no secret of its destiny. As it grew high in stature in the air and sunlight it began to put forth rootlets to hold it steadfast in its place, that it might be able to withstand the storms and vicissitude of time. But it soon perceived that its environment was unsuited to harmonious and rapid unfoldment. The inexorable law of nature had placed it in the cleft of a rock, with no room for expansion and growth. Then it repined that

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the cruelty of fate had placed it there, feeling that it would fail to fulfill the purpose and design of the power which gave it birth.

What am I? Why am I here? Is my existence to be objectless? were the questions it asked of the breeze and the sunbeams that played around it. But no answer came in response to its questioning. Its life grew desolate and its frail leaves drooped, for the dewdrops failed in their efforts to quench the thirst of its greater needs, and the sunbeams began to dry up the sap within it. But one day the skies and the sunlight were obscured by dark clouds which shed tears of crystal raindrops that fell to the earth and brought refreshment and life to the fragile and fading plant. A tremor of joy passed through its being once more. A new sensation of energy and resistless power was aroused within it; the roots went deeper, the body grew larger and

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taller, the branches spread out, and the miracle of life was complete. A tiny acorn, concealed in the cleft of a rock, had been transformed by the impulse of creative law into a giant oak, destined to withstand the destructive elements from century to century. And if the life in the growing tree can rend asunder the rock which impedes its progress, is it to be wondered at that man, with his powers and capabilities, should be able to accomplish even greater things than this, in his efforts to attain a gloriously rounded and perfect manhood?

Where can be found a more perfect symbol of man's beginning and development than that of the tree; and how many lessons of patience and strength might be learned from these inanimate symbols that grow up round about us? Young men who stand at the threshold of life, awaiting the time when a way will be opened to them for achievement in some chosen

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pursuit, oftentimes become vexed and disheartened because of delay. Obstacles confront one at every step, and all the forces of nature at times seem to conspire to thwart the accomplishment of one's purpose and aims. But the very obstacles man meets on the journey are simply the hills he must climb before he can peacefully rest on the summit which towers above the cloud and the storm. The opposing forces man meets and masters, the suffering and sorrow he endures, as well as the love and the joy that are his, come to him as lessons to be learned, experiences to be gained, which compel the roots of his consciousness to delve more deeply into the soil of truth, that the branches of aspiration may reach higher into the regions of light. He should not feel discouraged if destiny seems slow in the fulfillment of the heart's deep yearnings, but should learn from the monarch of the forest the secret it holds for him.

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Slowly and invisibly it draws by the law of accretion the nourishment needed to sustain and increase its power. Again and again it is stripped of its foliage by the wintry blasts, and its limbs are twisted and scarred by the winds, the hail and the lightning. Yet the tree grows larger with the march of years, until at last it stands alone in its strength and its majesty, bidding defiance to the destructive forces which often beat fiercely against it.

VII.

THE REALM OF SELF- CONSCIOUSNESS

Deep down in the innermost depths of all beings there has been implanted the invisible germ of that mysterious principle called life. The perpetuity of our individual selfhood is maintained by an eternal process of living and dying, assimilating and consuming, building and destroying. The outer dies daily and the inner becomes manifest. All the past is a flow of life which unites the generations of humanity without a break—a vast unbroken stream which has flowed from the primeval and eternal source of the universe. The creative tide that has evolved humanity has never been lost to its source, and its eternal flow is propelled by the heart-throbs of Universal Nature. Life's restless wave is in the whirlwind

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and the surging sea, in the earthquake and the lightning's flash, in cloud and storm, in the growing plant and bursting bud. Evolving to the plane of consciousness, its presence is voiced in the shrill note of the insect's cry, the song of the nightingale, and the cooing dove. It reaches the realm of self-consciousness within the mind of man; and each involuntary heave of the human chest for breath is an aspiration of the heart, gasping for the inspiration of a superior life; and by this method the elements of the material form are being continuously energized, and shaped into more and more perfect form and function. There has been implanted a restless longing within the breast of man which cannot be wholly satisfied so long as the heart beats and the life-blood flows. Each one is endowed with an inherent impulse which leads ever upward from height to height toward the final goal of a noble

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destiny. To remove the obstructions which false methods of living have created, to purify the heart, to cleanse the human temple of all things that clog the blood and pollute the mind, will enable every human being to manifest the beauty and glory of that life of the universe which extends from the everlasting to the everlasting.

The planets and stars of infinite space, the earth and all it contains, the melodies of the winds and waters, the grandeur of the woods and plains, and the beauty of all living things, speak with a pleading eloquence which bids man arise in the dignity of the power that nature has given him and to manifest the growing harmonies that spring up from the deeps of his consciousness. Yet through all ages and in all climes there have been men who have closed their eyes and persistently ignored the eternal light, preferring to grope blindly in the darkness of ignorance

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and sin. The light shines brighter to-day on life's horizon than ever before; yet there are thousands whose visions are limited to the walls of the prison their greed and their selfishness have built; and only through chinks that misfortune has made do they permit the glow of the light to penetrate the chill calm of indifference. The finer sensibilities often become dulled in the mind of the man who is prosperous; and only the hidden fire of some great misfortune can consume the dross and reveal in his heart the jewels of charity and love. All men should be prosperous. But in the enjoyment of opulence one should ever remember that the true source of happiness lies deeper than material riches. A pure heart is the eternal passport to true happiness, without which man knocks at the threshold in vain.

VIII.

THE ECHO FROM THE ETERNAL HILLS

A young mortal entered the world and commenced the journey of life. Before him lay the untrodden road of his unfulfilled destiny, awaiting the fall of his footsteps. Near him flowed a silvery stream that glimmered in the sunlight and glided gently toward the distant sea. About him towered the lofty hills, crowned with the deep blue and the unfathomable depths of heaven. The winding road was strewn with rough stones, and over their sharp edges he wearily trod, while day followed day with lengthened hours. He struggled with adversity through years of fruitless toil. He endured the degradation of poverty, and suffered the pangs of hunger. Without love and without hope, the

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world only echoed cries of pain; the sun only shone in mockery at his despair; each rustle of the wind among the leaves was but a sigh—an echo of his grief. At last, footsore and despondent, as the gold-beams of the sinking sun lighted the hill-tops with a fading glow, and the evening twilight crept gently through the valley, he sat down amid the solitude of nature, alone with his gloomy thoughts and his desolate life.

“Oh, I am so sad!” he sighed; and a responsive murmur from the peacefully flowing river sighed back to him softly “so sad, so sad.”

“The gloomy portal of the grave,” he said, “will open to receive me; and when I have entered there, this tired heart will find beneath the cold sod that sweet silence which enshrouds the mystery of death. For me there has been no joy, no rest, no love; and now there is left no hope but for oblivion; no goal to be at-

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tained—only the strange wonderment of the dreamless sleep. Alone I came into the world; alone I have journeyed through life, and now I must pass out alone.”

An echo from the hills beyond the river faintly answered to his cry, “alone, alone.” The summer wind breathed gently in the evening’s ear, and the leaf tongues of the forest sighed for pity as they softly whispered through the gloom, “alone, alone.” One by one in the infinite space of heaven the stars appeared and crowned that hour of loneliness with the solemnity of their perpetual gaze. With a stone for a pillow, he lay down and listened to the mystic voices of the night—to the faint whisperings, soft and low—till wooed by nature’s lullaby to the ghostly abyss of the dreamless and eternal sleep.

Again, through the mystery of birth, a human being entered the vast light and

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space of the world. Speechless delight bestirred in his heart as he felt for the first time the magnetic touch of delicate fingers and listened to the loving voices of kindred souls. The unclouded skies and glimmering streams, the swaying forests and majestic plains; the earth, carpeted with green sod and plumed with graceful foliage; the chorus of the happy winged things, the rippling and laughing of limpid waters that went singing their way to the sea; vernal zephyrs stirring the leafage to indefinite whisperings of enchanted things—these produced a concord of sweet sounds and beatific visions that evoked the immeasurable thrill of ecstasy which vibrated through the sanctuary of his being. “How beautiful is life!” he said; “how good and true, and fair! The everlasting strains of melody, the choir of innumerable voices, the music of nature—one living song! To live is happiness unspeakable—a joy forever.”

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And through the woodlands rang the echo "a joy forever."

Each one hears from the eternal hills of nature an echo of his own cry—calls forth from the silent depths of humanity the joys and blessings that respond to his faith and love, or the sorrows and curses that equal his hate and despair.

One looks for the good in everything; his heart throbs with an unselfish affection for humanity; and in response to his love the warm billows of the great magnetic atmosphere of human sympathy flow into and permeate his being with currents of deathless energy. He sees the virtue that sleeps in the bosom of all men; catches a glimpse of the obscured rays of purity that flash at times through the hideous mask of defilement; finds in the heart of the lowest and most vicious the struggling fragments of love and goodness, and the innate yearning for a true, unselfish life.

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Another, loving gold or gain better than his fellow-men, better than his own life, drives divine love from its throne in the human breast, and lives without hope and without purpose beyond the gratification of selfish and ignoble aims. Naught but the purifying fire of deepest sorrow can burn away the barriers and melt his iron heart to love and pity. But however far man may wander from the appointed path of a noble destiny, and ignore the principles of truth in the unworthy pursuit of selfish and perverted longings, the time comes when the unerring hand of eternal justice points to a critical hour on the dial of destiny. Truth waves the scepter of time over the proud head of the wanderer, and before the stern, all-pitiless angel of inflexible justice the haughty form must bend and the flashing eye grow dim; for the penalty of sin is death.

Man regrets in vain the results of mis-

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spent years. He who ignores in his youth the principles of truth, who disregards the monitions of his higher life, and obeys not the command of progression's law, in his old age will look out upon the desert of life with the despair of an empty heart, and will become a purposeless wanderer, in memory, through the waste places and the wrecks that strew the pathway of the remorseful past.

The mysterious promptings of opposing destinies, with their lights and shadows, are ever present in life's pathway, confusing the vision of all whose minds are not charged with purity and nobility of purpose, and causing the footsteps to falter—leading at times toward the highway of immaculate whiteness, and again plunging one down into the depths of the gloom, where the pure heart is seared and blackened by the heat and smoke of sin. Side by side with each man day and night the two invisible pathways converge

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at his feet—one gilded with a luring brightness, influencing him to follow the time-beaten way of idleness and shrewd dishonesty, rich with its early promises of wealth and power, and the enjoyment of the fruits of others' toil; but inevitably conducting the wanderer into the night-enveloped horizon, over dark marshes, toward the silent grave of vanished hopes and wasted years; while the other—the toiling pathway of honesty and thrift—though narrow and rough for the first steps to be taken, leads the advancing pilgrim to the rich uplands of that realm whose magnificent dome basks in the glow of an unfading light.

Resolute with the courage of a deep desire, with the pathway illuminated by hope's throbbing star, man should turn his back forever to the black shadows, and follow the beckoning ray that leads to the eternal verities of the supreme goal.

IX.

THE HERMIT AND THE YOUTH

One evening as the sun went down in a flood of exquisite glory, painting in glowing colors the warm waters of a Southern sea, and tinting with pink and purple the summer clouds that floated placidly in the deep-blue skies, while the winds were hushed to give ear to the soft murmurings of the waves, a dreamer, with open eyes, looked round about him and breathed in the peaceful joy of the enchanted scene, until there passed into his mind thoughts which only the silence can utter, and within his heart stirred feelings which have no language but music. There in the silence, with the evening shadows creeping about him, the faculties which contemplate and imagine were fully awakened in the hermit's mind, and

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in the tranquility of the hour he listened to the low whisperings of reverie.

It was difficult to judge of his age from his face and his form, for the glow of a strange light rested upon his features, and in the attitude of his body was pictured the repose of strength. He had a countenance that was pleasant and grave; a calm face, a broad and noble forehead, with heavy eyebrows which shaded deep-blue eyes that were restful now, but bright with the full glow of a magnetic and penetrative power.

In search of the solitude his nature craved, the hermit had come to this place where he could live for a time undisturbed by the duties and cares of the human world. On one side the smooth beach of the island was washed by the white-capped waves from the heaving bosom of the Mexican gulf, on the other by the peaceful ripples of a smiling bay. On the island were towering sandhills, which

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stood as white, silent sentinels of the night; and amid the speaking quietude of this moveless scene a presence brooded which brings madness save to kingly souls.

Soft footsteps fell on the drifted sand, and out from the deepening shadows the form of a man appeared. The reverie of the hermit was broken, and he started at the sound of a human voice which broke the silence with the question, "Who are you?"

"And you?" was the response of the hermit, as he rose to greet the stranger.

"A man with a party of friends. We came here to-day to gather shells."

Then they stood face to face with each other. One, an old man, still young in appearance, but in his mind was the knowledge and wisdom which requires many long years of experience in the heat of life's conflicts to gain: the other, a young man, apparently of about twenty

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years of age, and of a countenance strikingly superior to the average youth of the world.

“I welcome you, young man, though the things you seek have no attraction for me. The shells are painted with beautiful tints that fascinate the eye; yet I care not for them. I prefer to revel in the gorgeous shifting colors of earth and sea and sky, for in these I sense the spirit of a living power, while shells are only the broken fragments of perished lives, emblems of death and change. But you are young, and, like the child, are not content to merely see the things you love. You must touch and handle them. You have no eyes for things that have no weight and form—things you cannot rudely grasp and call your own. But in my heart are invisible chords which bind me by enkindling sympathies to all the life and beauty of the universe. Whether remote from man’s habitation, or in the

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crowded streets of the world's large cities, alone or with many, the same divine melodies roll through my being, and all things are eternally mine without the effort of lifting my hand to possess and retain them."

"You may be a wise philosopher," the youth replied, "and I hope you are happy in the beliefs you hold; but you are certainly not practical, and your theories would be of small value amid the sway and press of the throng."

"Every light nature would answer as you have," responded the hermit. "You have no object in life but the possession of that which pleases the body and gratifies the sensuous. In you nothing seems to live but that which has within it the germs of death. Happiness is the goal you seek, even as it is of all men. But your narrow world is peopled with *maya* and delusion of the mind, for the forms which seem most real to you are evanes-

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cent as a dream. By full experience of the illusions of the senses, I stand at the threshold of the permanent and abiding; and the knowledge I speak comes not from me, but from the bright realms of wisdom and truth. You trust to the arm and flesh, and seek dominion by physical force; and in this the animals are far superior to you. One blow of the lion's paw would rend and kill; and the life you know, like the life of the animal, dwells in the senses and ends with death. The life you live furls its faithless wings at the very threshold of that realm where true life begins."

"Your judgment is rather severe," the youth remarked; "and is not wholly false nor wholly true. You are correct when you say I live in the senses; and so far as I know my life shall close with the tomb. I love nature as deeply as you. I enjoy the beauties of her manifestations and feel the pulsations of her hidden life,

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though it be through the senses, which you condemn. I look upon nature with the eyes she has given me, and I listen with ears attuned to her harmonies. The bloom of her flowers delights the eye, and their perfume is sweet to inhale. I listen to the voice of her winds and the melodies of her waters. I hear the rustle of her autumn leaves and watch the silent fall of the snowflakes which cover with a white shroud the sleeping earth. I love the young spring which brings the feathered throng to echo in music through verdant bowers; I love the bright summer with its countless flowers; autumn's solemn form, and the bewitching scenes of winter—all these speak to me in a language I understand. Should I ignore these, and the love of sweetheart and friend, of music and art, of eloquence and song, for the fantastic visions of that shadowy realm you call the real?

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“I once sought to lift the sombre veil that shrouds the unknown, to look beyond the shadows of death into the transfigured faces of the loved and lost. In the agony of loneliness, with outstretched, pleading hands, I have called out in the darkness, ‘O, mother, if you still live, hear my heart-cry and come to me.’ I prayed to the invisible Being, whom she had taught my childish heart to worship, ‘O, God, give me one glimpse of Thy presence, or one sign as evidence of Thy existence.’ Again and again have I cried out in the darkness, and the only response I received was the cold, indifferent silence, broken only by the quick throbbing of my desolate heart. All my hopes and faith, all my prayers and longings have failed to bring one whisper from the unseen, or one vision but the fleeting images of my mind’s creation. I do not fear the sleep of death. When the time comes to tread the unknown pathways of that starless

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night, I shall be ready and willing to go, yielding my will to the same inexorable power that brought me here. But whence, O, Mystery, and whither? No man knows—only that we emerge from the unknown, and, like the bright gleam of the comet, glitter for a brief time on the earth's zenith and pass again into the unknown. Should I crucify the flesh and deny the sweet realities of the world that is, in the contemplation of an imaginary world that perhaps never shall be?"

The depth of thought expressed by the youth was a pleasant surprise to the hermit, and his heart was touched by the earnestness of his words. Seated in front of the youth, on the white sand, beneath the innumerable stars of the silent night, the hermit spoke again:

"These waves, which beat on the shore at our feet, would produce no sound were there no ears to hear; and yonder stars, which flash their tremulous lustre

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through the shoreless ocean of space, would be unknown to our consciousness had we no eyes to see. The telescope brings into view a galaxy of blazing suns unseen by the naked eye; and the microscope reveals a populous world crowded within the petals of every flower; reminding us of the wonderful infinitude of the great, and the equally wonderful infinitude of the small. Then is it not absurd to assume that what our feeble senses fail to grasp cannot be known; that what our limited vision fails to see, therefore cannot exist?

“But I had no thought of the veiled existence of a possible future life when I spoke of the real. All men are surrounded by the self-same forces and receive light and sustenance from the universal origin. Yet one fixes his gaze on the radiance of truth, while the other sees only the shadow its light throws at his feet.

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“The happiness you seek flows through your fingers like water, and leaves you to suffer the torture of thirst in the midst of streams that flow from perennial fountains. Your eyes see only the dim spectre of illusion and change beating its vampire wings in the void. Not a hope that you cherish reaches beyond the mists of your greed and your selfishness. Even your vain pleadings to evoke the loved ones from the shadow of silence were born of a selfish heart, yielding unwillingly to the final decree of destiny. And your prayers to the Unknown arose from an innate fear and mistrust of the wisdom and goodness of the Power that governs life and death.

“You admire the little wayside flowers which deck with their white petals the green sod. But when you ruthlessly pluck them from their delicate stems, the frail blossoms instantly wither and die in your hand. Love, which should ever remain enshrined in the heart as the most

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beautiful ideal of man's dream—the angel of his higher self—is degraded by the lust of man's passionate instincts; and the ideal image which he hurls from its queenly throne, with whitening lips and drooping form passes out into the night, scattering in its dark pathway the dead flowers of man's greed. You shudder to be alone, because you dare not be still under the bright radiance of the divine light. Dreading the stillness of the solitude, you seek refuge in the lust of avarice and the gratification of human passions. Your life is like the bewildered stream blindly groping its way down the steep hillside, turned in its course and divided by every resistance it meets; rushing, retreating and halting, moved by the weak force of an inferior instinct. But you may choose, if you will, a destiny that will be like the calm peaceful river which flows steadily

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and unerringly through the wide valleys on its appointed way to the sea."

The hermit paused. The youth remained silent. The delicate starlight dancing on the waves, the sea's deep murmur and the tranquility of the night, brought feelings of peace and rest. Slowly the youth grasped the ideas that flooded his mind. He felt the impulse of a new and mysterious force awakening within—something that his heart warmed to, a pulsing of the blood with an energy like the surgings of the sea. The most important, the most thrilling event of his life had not been at the climax of some social triumph, or upon the unexpected receipt of a bountiful gift in time of need, or through the soft answer of "yes, love," uttered by the one dearest to his heart when he had asked her to be his forever. He had experienced all those; and happy though the moments were, none had so trembled with destiny, none had

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been fraught with such deep purport as that hour alone with the hermit, when the new light flashed through his soul and gave to his mind a glimpse of that strange something he had vaguely felt and searched for through all the years.

The voice of man's better nature is not heard in the thunder of life's battles, nor in the whirlwinds of passion; but in moments of repose, in a peaceful vacancy of self, when the mind is acted upon by the deep undercurrents of thought which flow from the infinite sea. Then the heart throbs with the superior instinct of an exalted destiny. Silently the creative thoughts flood life's wilderness, and touch the responsive heart with magic power that blossoms forth into the full glow of manhood's morning.

"What path would you have me choose to live the life of which you speak, and what are the conditions required of me?"

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“There is but one path of attainment,” the hermit replied, “and that leads in devious ways, along winding streams and over burning deserts; through valleys of sorrow and to heights of joy. Each one must tread the path alone, signalling to others who are bound like himself to the duties that progression claims; yet ever conscious of the one great fact that each step of advance or retreat must be taken by his own decree; that not a word is spoken, not an act performed save by the consent of that invisible selfhood which sits eternally enthroned in the mysterious sanctuary of man’s being. The path that leads you to the supreme goal is the path of high resolves and grand achievements. And he who treads the narrow way must have his being stirred to its inmost depth; must feel a nearness to the great heart of nature; must have an unselfish love for the fortunate and unfortunate, the strong and weak, the rich and

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poor; for the gifted and the incapable are endowed with the same potentialities of life; the oil in the lamp of each mind is equally sacred, though in one perchance the flame burns brighter. You must have a sympathy as broad as humanity, a love universal as life, a quenchless thirst for knowledge, and an unwavering faith in the invisible ideal. And there must be persistency of purpose, directed by a will that conquers life's adversaries and falters not, even when faced by the grim phantom of death. You must be earnest and sincere in all things; upright and honest in your dealings with man; true at all times to the monitions of inner promptings. Correct all errors when possible; and what are beyond recall, consign to the debris of human frailties, for the dead past to cancel; then build on resolves more noble, more enduring. Ever aspire to the realization of higher ideals, of broader conceptions and a deeper con-

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sciousness. Anticipate the future less and live in the present more. Look not for the happiness you hope to attain at some future, indefinite time, but list to the sweet whisperings of joy which the present brings. Let the past and the future—the unborn tomorrow and vanished yesterday—be cradled in the infinite arms of the eternal Now. Live, each day, the wise and the happy life of to-day; not only the past, lest your soul become ensepulchered while yet living; not tomorrow only, lest you lose the golden opportunities the present offers; but a life that is ever alert to momentary needs and keenly conscious of the eternal verities.”

They saw a star shoot from its bright sphere and vanish in darkness. Strange phosphorescent lights gleamed from the sea and danced in the spray of the breaking waves like tongues of flame. How beautiful the night; and what a night it was! They seemed to sit on the shore of

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a mystical world, heretofore unvisited by mortal man.

But the illusions of the night were soon dispelled by the commonplace words of parting; for the time had glided by unheeded, and the hour had come which woos alike the youthful and the aged, the thoughtful and the gay, from the smiles and frowns of joy and care to the sweet realm of refreshing sleep.

The youth, still lingering on the threshold of life, went back to where he could walk the path of existence hand in hand with those he loved, and to receive the encouragement that comes from sympathetic contact with human life. A want dwelt in his heart which could not be met by any morning sunrise, nor by any melody of the winds and waves. There is an eloquence in the soul of mankind which transcends the sublimity of the sea, a response of heart to heart more touching and more satisfying, nearer to man's hap-

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piness and man's yearnings, than will ever be found in the grandeur and beauty of nature, glorious as it is.

But the ideas implanted by the hermit in the mind of the youth, nurtured by human loves and material hopes, blossomed in his heart like beautiful flowers. The abstract ideals of the philosopher carried the youth far up to a greater height than he could have climbed alone, where the air is purer and the light is brighter; yet not so high as to lose sight of those in the valley below. In his being the ideal and the practical have blended. He is a man's master and friend, and the ruler of his own destiny. The theories of the dreamer have stepped forth in Life, the abstract ideals have been brought down to the realm of the actual, nearer to the heart of our common humanity. To-day the nobility of the youth is an inspiration to a host of other lives. His hand leads, his presence cheers and his smile blesses.

X.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE SOUL

My soul roamed through the mystic
realms beyond

Night's shadow, longing to explore the
depths

Of that awful mystery that has been
Shrouded from mortal eyes since time be-
gan.

I passed into the soul-sphere of the world,
Which rolled onward through the un-
bounded space

Of ether, while on its throbbing bosom
Humanity stirred restlessly, spending
The fragments of its time in strife and
toil.

In ecstasy I viewed with spirit eyes
The enchanted land of immortal dreams.
I saw the glow of life's unclouded day,
And felt the thrill of that inspiring love

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Which is the soul of art and song. Music,
And the sweet harmony of all beauty
Gathered and blended there. I yearned to
solve

The mystery of being and the soul's
Deep destiny throughout eternity.

"Tell me," I said to the Great Soul of
Earth,

"Whence came this self that loves and
hates?—this I,

Imprisoned in the walls of flesh and blood,
Crushed by the weight of toil and care—
upon

Its neck the binding yoke of pain, upon
Its back the cross, upon its brow the
crown

Of thorns. What boon hast thou to give
—what pledge

Of bliss in higher spheres, to soothe with
hope

The pain and weariness of life while
here?"

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“O, impatient soul!” said the voice of
Earth,

“Offspring of my creative love, why fret
Thee? Yearning for more light upon the
great

Mystery, whence thou hast come, and
whither

Thou shalt go! Through all the rolling
ages

This question has been asked, and no
reply

Given. In whose name dost thou speak,
that I

Should break the silence to which God
hath sealed

My lips, to answer thy soul’s question-
ings?”

“O, Invisible King!” I said, “Monarch
Of the seven lights! Thou who hast
hidden

In thy bosom rarest treasures; who dost

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Conceal the mystery of worlds within
Thy depths—thee I invoke! And in the
 name
Of all the great and good of every age,
Whose silenced lips still speak through us
 —still plead
With thee, in mute persuasion; by the
 wrecks
Of human hopes—the blinding tears, the
 grief
Of broken hearts, and in the cherished
 name
Of loved ones 'neath the unpitied sod—
I beg of thee for one true word, one ray
Of light upon the primal mystery.”

The Earth replied: “Ay, soul, thou speak-
 est well,
But plead in vain. God is! and I am
 naught—
But one revolving orb, one tiny speck
Amid the countless multitude of worlds

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And suns that dot the void with sparkling lights.

Thy destiny is one with mine—thy home,
Among the stars. The waters of the deep
Blue sea of Infinitude enfold me,
And press with soft caress my rounded
form.

Thence my immemorial origin,
Thither the shrouded goal of my final
Destiny. Thence all rivers of life flow,
And therein shall all return, when God
calls.

“The Spirit of the deep was never born,
And it alone shall never cease to be.
Everlasting stability, Spirit
And substance of all shadow and all
change—

Eternal Soul of souls! With Him is
locked

The mystery of life and death. 'Twas He
Who made thee what thou art—to rule
the sea

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And land, to trace the stars, to love and
think.

'Twas He who lit the torch within thy
heart;

Who kindled in thy brain immortal
thoughts—

Made thee to dream of immortality.”

XI.

THE DESTINED GOAL

Dismissing from the questioning mind the mystical problem of life's origin and destiny, and recognizing our vital relation to present realities, let us cultivate a keener perception of our glorious possibilities and hasten our progress on the upward path that leads to the attainment of the highest happiness which is the rightful heritage of our earthly existence. Nowhere in all the universe can there be a place more appropriate for our expression and advancement than is to be found on the planet of our present abode. For it is here we were placed by the creative power which brings into existence all creatures in accordance with the divine plan—the supreme law of design—which fills the vast void with shining stars, sends them

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whirling through trackless space in orderly and rhythmic movements, and with mathematical precision and artistic touch gives perfect form and beauty of coloring to the numberless things that spring brightly to being on the galaxy of worlds.

Dearer to us than all else should be the viewless image of that hour when the spirit of love touched two united hearts and lighted the sacred flame that gave us being. Through the past ages, from a period which is lost in the remoteness of time, the invisible and tireless forces of a divine alchemy were at work transmuting the clashing elements of nature and preparing the way for our birth and existence. It was no chance coming; but by the decree of a supreme power which keeps faith with us through all the turmoil of the fleeting years.

There is a presence which broods in eternal silence upon the white snow of frozen summits, over the fertile valleys

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and upon the face of the deep. It breathes the power of its spirit in the wind and the lightning and the rushing waters; in the fair groves and gardens and mossed fountains. And in the vast deserts, where a solitude dwells that brings madness, men feel this power and take courage. Like the tide of a fathomless sea whose shores are planets and suns, it flows forever over the hills and wastes of earth, and floods the stricken hearts of the human race with the balm and benediction of its love. We cannot fathom the mystery of this light and this guidance. Yet nearer than the brain-throb and the heart-pulse, in the inmost sanctuary where consciousness itself is enthroned, broods that mystical power which pervades and enfolds us; and those who willingly abide in its tranquil presence place themselves under the sheltering care of the Almighty. Silently as the approach of dawn the Great Spirit draws

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near to the soul that is watchful, and breathes softly the message of gladness and peace. In wordless communion question the oracles of life, and measure, if you can, the potentialities of your being. In the hush of that peaceful hour, brought face to face with the silent guardian which keeps faithful account of your wanderings, the touch of a divine fire will quicken the dull brain, and the sluggish heart will become responsive to an energy which lifts man out of the confines of the physical and draws him close to the heart of Being.

Those who know not of the overshadowing presence, or, knowing, pause not to take heed of its promptings, find themselves surrounded by influences which lead into the roar and rush of strife where they become deaf to the voice and blind to the vision, and wander farther and farther from the home of the soul. Their environment is like the darkness of

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the night without the moon and stars. With their hearts hardened and their ears shut against the cries of the oppressed and unfortunate, they feel not the enkindling sympathies and hear not the voice of gratitude, but rush impetuously through life's wilderness, regardless of the wants and woes of the innocent and helpless who toil and weep by the wayside.

It may be that as you look back over the winding pathway of former years you will see where the cloud and the storm have oftentimes descended, with scarcely a ray of hope or of love to herald the light which afterwards illumined the horizon and thrilled your being with a deep serenity and unwavering faith. And how soon we forget the lessons our experiences should teach us, when we find the light again waning and feel that our efforts are failing. We know not why we should be held by environments so contrary to the soul's deep yearnings, and to feel that

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countless invisible foes are closing around us; to be compelled to stand helpless and watch the retreating of ideals and dreams we had cherished since the days of our youth. We say to ourselves, can it be that this is the end of the noble ambitions we have so patiently nurtured and toiled for through all the years? Can it be that in vain we have sacrificed the sunlight and joy of life's springtide in the hopeless quest of unattainable things?

Looking back to the days of our childhood, we recall the visions we had of this wonderful world so beautiful and strange, which thrilled our being with indescribable rapture; visions of the sublimity of the nights, the glittering stars and the deep silence before the dawn. A nameless presence, pervading nature, gave fantastic shapes to the moonbeams and shadows, and oftentimes moved the air softly and stirred the leaves to mysterious whisperings, speaking to the heart a

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secret language which none can interpret save youth and innocence and those who live close to the heart of Being.

Driven by duties and cares and held back from the goal of our ambition by numerous obstacles which spring up in our pathway, the shadow of fear and mistrust steals in and takes from us much of the strength and repose we had gained from the inspirations of youth.

Yet we should have faith in the harmony, the love and the goodness of the immutable laws which govern life and destiny and change. Though there are times when we ignore the monitions of the higher self and grope in the darkness where we hear but a faint echo of the voice of truth and catch only a gleam of the light, if we look more deeply and listen intently there will come to our vision a glimpse of the beckoning ideal and a foregleam of nobler achievements. In the most trivial occurrences of daily existence

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there will come to those who have faith, a whispering of the voice which calls out in the wilderness and leads through life's turmoils to the soul's final awakening and deliverance.

When deep sorrow steals away the smiles and sunshine of youth, and life's frail bark is tossed on the great surging tide of affliction, resigned to the sweep of its mighty billows, he who listens with ears attuned to the higher harmonies will hear the unworded message which is felt in the soul. Above the tempest and storm, like the whisper of truth's bright messenger bidding us keep strength and hope, will be heard the wordless voice which woos the sad heart to hush its troubles and beat on in peace.

Though the unwelcome duties of the hour may cause unrest, and the barren outlook of the future may discourage, have faith in your power to finally triumph over all things which would wrest

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from your grasp the heavenly heritage. The road of experience may be hard, and the lessons to be learned severe, yet every step brings you nearer to the celestial highway, gradually opening into vistas of security and peace; from darkness to light, from toil to repose.

Listen to the voice of destiny which is being uttered in subdued tones by the divine monitor within. Develop an independent judgment; study yourself, your hopes and aims, your relation to environment and the possibilities that are yours. Look deep into your being and receive from the inward source the revelations of life. With steadfast eye on the highest goal, maintain your allegiance to truth, and resolve that no power shall direct you, save the commands issued from the throne of that invisible kingdom which is yours by every law.

Lift yourself above the shadow of pessimism and despair, and bask in the sun-

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light of freedom and progress. The gift of a liberal and progressive individuality, independent, determined and sincere, is the noblest heritage of man. Its culture and growth lead to the emancipation of the mind and will from the rule of others. There are infinite capacities within the self which simply await our loving recognition to bud and blossom into tangible realities. The deep inward yearning is the progressive spirit of life which impels humanity onward; it is the mute pleading of the aspiring self in search of the destined goal of its mission.

Being endowed with glorious possibilities which patiently await their discovery, as an instrument awaits the magic touch of dextrous fingers to call forth divinest strains, arise, therefore, to a sense of your dignity as a denizen of the universe and heir of the ages! Awaken to a keener perception of that which slumbers within! Go forth in the majesty

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of your strength and the dignity of your knowledge and win for yourself a place commensurate to the gifts which are yours to command!

Being a component part of that energy which controls and directs the world and all the suns and planets of the myriads that revolve in the infinitude of space, ever impelled by the undying spirit of progression, let us press onward to the final goal of an infinite perfection.

THE MIND'S ATTAINMENT

By URIEL BUCHANAN

URIEL BUCHANAN is known throughout the country as a writer and author of exceptional power, remarkable for the serenity of his philosophy, his even poise and the blending of the truly practical in his writings, with the Spiritual, the Ideal.

The object of this book is to make clear the path of mental, physical and material attainment through the power of the mind. In the writer's own words: "Inherent in every mind are potentialities for reaching the highest goal of human attainment. Man shapes his environment and determines his place in the world in exact accord with the use he makes of interior forces.

"The aim of this work is distinctly practical. It reveals some of the great laws which govern the workings of human thought. It points out the way how best to show forth the ideal, to materialize our dreams and yearnings in every-day life."

THE CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK

The Supreme Force
Man's Divinity
Mysteries
The Science of
Breath
Self-Mastery
The Law of Suggestion

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